The Inner Call

Niranjan Lal Goenka



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PRAYER

Maker, let me feel the softness of Thy subtle hand
Illuminate my poor heart overcast with darkness for ages
Power and pelf though of consequence are not allround
sufficient,
It is of little account what we are known as in the outside
world ·
It alone counts what we are within.
Give me light, my Lord !

Contents



PREFACE



At the very outset, let it be said frankly that I do not attribute the authorship of my book of poems entitled "The Inner Call" to any of my serious studies or deep thinking as they might suggest. I had, at the same time, no poetieal background either.

But the fact remains that the poems as they are and compiled in this Book did come into existence but, of course, not by themselves. They required the services of an adept author and the mysterious hand of nature played its part It works so imperceptibly and deceptively that it arouses in man a false sense of ego to embolden him to appropriate to himself, brazenfacedly, the work of nature as his own creation.

In this wide world, you can spot not a single thing which sprang up without its author. Even this world, the Sun, the Moon and the Stars had their author Every thing good or bad is ordained in this world Even the unblessed evils are not without their author. But they come not without the significant meaning behind them. They come to bestow their boons on man though in

guise. They come to teach and tone up man to bear the brunt of life, so he can take it easy Oh! what an utter misconception of realities of nature man conceives through his dark ignorance.

While I remained deprived of my eye sight for over two years from 1950 to 1952 on account of cataract in both eyes, which I regained after the operation on them at the Sitapur Eye Hospital in March, 1952, I used to be all alone by myself sitting in my house after the office hours. During this period of loneliness, I used to feel waves of thoughts upsurging in my heart, which I dictated then and there to any suitable person found available at hand. The first twenty poems of the said book were thus dictated during the said period of my invalidity. I am very much inclined to call this up-surge as the voice of the introverted mind or intuition. The power of intuition develops when the mind gets introverted.

Certain things in life sometimes so happen that they, on their very face, look very odious and make a thoughtless egoistic man of younger age a coward and generate in him the heat of anger, hatred, envy, jealousy, fear and a spirit of revenge with the result that the poor fellow gets degenerated to the lowest level of humanity while the same things will inspire the mature soul with buoyancy to enable it to soar-up to higher regions of love, compassion and beatitude. It all depends upon the frame of mind of an individual as to how he takes things in life. The same thing can elevate life and can also mar it to its very core.

But the Grace of God flows through all men evenly as does the current of water through channels and canals, but most unfortunately the egotist claims it to be the

product of the trick of his keen intellect and of his hard and unremitting labour—physical or mental, the fool thus lamentably distorts the transcendental pristine glory of the divine grace.

Blessed are those who feel and receive with gratitude that Divine Grace in all humility and become humble and humane in all possible ways By the Grace of the Almighty Lord, the said tendency of my mind to hear the inner voice persisted and hence this book. I fail to find adequate words to express my urge to lay out my heart at the lotus feet of the Lord of my life.

O ! Mother of the Universe, lead me from untruth to truth, from darkness to light and from death to immortality Mother ! wilt thou not fulfil my longing to see my Father divine, because it is the mother only, who takes her children to their father. All salutation to thee, O, Mother !

With all solicitations for thy mercy and blessings.

—*Niranjanlal Goenka*

Parasea Colliery
Dated the 7th June, 1969.

INTRODUCTION



I have read the book of poems entitled 'The Inner Call' written by Sri N. L Goenka. These poems have an innate charm of their own so that as one turns over the pages, one falls more and more in love with them.

The poems are mostly short but they have an innate quality which makes them shine like jewels. The reason is not far to seek The author has deeply felt what he has written, so that the expression comes out spontaneously in simple but touching language If poetry is emotion recollected in tranquility, these are specimens of poetry of quality. It is a pleasant surprise to find that the author has been able to use a language, which does not happen to be his mother tongue, so effectively as a medium of his poetical compositions

It is gratifying also to find that the poet is saturated with noble sentiments. He loves the good things of life with the same intensity as he hates the bad things. He loves life and believes that 'it should be lived like a flower'. He loves love, because he thinks that it 'divinises the heart' He loves flowers, because they emanate

fragrance like the benevolent deeds of a good man. He hates selfishness, because it prevents a man from repaying his debt to society. He hates lust, because it defiles beauty He hates weakness, because it is cowardice. In substance, in this collection of poems pervades a noble spirit which looks for security in God's benevolence and yearns for an ideal life for everybody. He deplores the disappearance of the Ram Rajay of the old days but is optimistic enough to hope for its return some day.

I have enjoyed the reading of these poems and, therefore, have reason to be grateful to the author for his request to write out this introduction to his book. The observations made above embolden me to hope that they will touch the heart of the readers even as they did mine

—*Hiranmoy Banerji*

Ex-Vice Chancellor
Rabindra Bharati University
Calcutta

Date : May 10, 1969

OUT-POURINGS OF HIS HEART

16th Jan.' 69

I have gone through Shri N. L. Goenka's book of poems, entitled "The Inner Call". True to their title, the poems are the out-pourings of his heart on some of the questions, life poses. They are written in free verse and sometimes versified prose. In each case he brings to bear the poet's sensibility on his subject. His expression could, no doubt, be less loaded but then, perhaps, he would not have been himself. His sincerity in these utterances is his greatest asset.

Birjadish Prasad

Prof. & Head of the Dept. of
English,
Agra College, Agra.

दूसरो को गिरा देने वाला खुद कितना
गिरा हुआ होगा,
दूसरो को उठा देने वाला स्वयं कितना
ऊँचा उठा हुआ होगा,
स्रोत बड़ा प्रबल होता है ।

TO MY WIFE



That pure sublime integrated soul
    That very epitome of oneness

Whose presence I could not feel
    Whose absence tore my heart

To ache in anguish, in pensive mood
    It still yells and yearns

If she could be seen once again !

Man is a channel imperceptible
Through him flows the divine grace,
Alas ! his ego claims it to be his own,
It mars its pristine glory transcendental

2

As *Swati*-drops fall into the mouth of the
Oyster and are turned into pearls,
So does descend His grace to flow from the
Sublime heart in the form of bliss,
Beatitude, Love and Compassion,
Cleaner the heart greater its flow,
It sways over the animate,
It commands the inanimate mute to action
A mighty power it wields,
With folded hands Nature stands before it,
When it comes, as come it does, from age to age,
Calmness serene and peace sublime reign supreme.

3

Puffed with power and pelf,
Enlapped by the lower nature within its fold,
Man bewildered spins his own world,
To seek his pleasures in its phantasmagoria,
To meet with despondency and despair in the end,
Oh ! What a frustration !

4

Desires are the cravings of the flesh,
Their pall enwraps the inner man,
Havoc is wrought in its system,
As does the fire in a wooden abode ;
It shines forth again in all its effulgent glory,
When they are shattered and fall off.

5

Aspirations are the flights of the soul,
On their wings it goes on flying,
Till Heaven's gates are flung open,
And it enters therein to merge into its own.

6

Dost Thou doubt Thy heritage from the Omnipotent ?
Is there any room for it to linger in Thy heart ?
Put it to test on the touchstone of "OM",
And lo ! Thy divinity glows in all its effulgent glory,
as do on "*Kasoti*" the golden streaks.

Kasoti = Touch-stone.

7

Under the canopy of the firmament,
Man is born just a little tiny babe,
To be received by One Unknown, in the form of its own mother,
As he grows, his needs increase,
They are met with fond care and rapt attention all around

When he attains his manhood,
He dons the cloak of the survival of the fittest,
To justify trampling over the downtrodden and the fallen,
He forgets the nation's contribution to its mite in making
him the fittest,
To uplift the lowly and the humble, the meek and the weak.

Inebriated with wealth and prowess,
He apprehends not the burden of the debt, his shoulders bear,
He knows not a debtor dies a coward's death,
All shy, bashful and base.

The survival of The Fittest to mean strong and ruling
is a misconceived hoax,
The esoteric concept of the law is to give shelter
under his sceptre to the weary and the fatigued,
And to mould his fellowmen to his own pattern,
As does the bird breed and protect its young ones,
under its wings widespread,
against the onslaught of the weather and the wind.

8

A leader should be like a spindle—true and steadfast,
Followers like the cotton—soft and enduring,
As the spindle spins the cotton into yarn
And yarn into thread and then thread into string & rope,
What mighty power it then gains to be capable of
Holding the boats and ships from being
Wrecked and swept away by the boisterous waves of the sea.

So does the leader mould his fellow-men into heroes of his nation
To defend his country from the whirlwind of the ravages
of the rapacious nations,
Who stand with their mouths wide open to engulf the
meek and the weak.

9

As on a hard, dry, sandy, rocky land,
When a well is sunk and its entrails removed
A hollow cylindrical space is formed, and the process continues
Till it strikes at a perennial fountainhead
To replinish it with water—sweet, soothing, crystal clear,
What an awe and reverence it then begins to command.

Men on land hilarious with joy,
Dewas in heaven in chorus and in all merriment, dance
This bounty of nature then begins to quench the thirsty throats,
It converts the arid barren land into pastures verdurous,
To yield food to feed the hungry, cotton to cover the naked,
And flowers to worship nature.

So, when the hard gritty grating nature of man is swept away,
The sweet sublime nature in its resplendent glory
takes its place,
The heart becomes soft and pure
And is filled with divine music.

Whence flows the nectar of love;
To annoint the ailing, yelling, distressed heart.

10

Is not life an enigma?
Is it not a puzzling riddle?
What makes life a success,
A query every lip is apt to make .

A debtor he comes, a greater debtor he becomes,
To God, his parents, his country, preceptor and saints.
The debt to God is liquidated,
When he perceives His hand in his make.
The debt to his parents is cleared off,
When a better representative is left behind.

The debt to his saints and preceptor is discharged,
When he begins to have a living faith in their words.
The debt to his country is paid off,
When he crucifies himself for its emancipation
from all ills and evils.

A debtor he may come,
But a creditor must he go
Life should be lived like a flower, which goes on
Filling the air with its aroma till it fades,
This, indeed, is the quintessence of life, called Success.

II

Conscious of its great and glorious past,
A nation static in action sinks away,
Degenerated it fails to prepare the ground for its
posterity to flourish and to prosper.

A nation thus crippled,
Becomes a debtors' nation, debtor to its past,
A total bankrupt in its morals and culture,
Crest-fallen, it now stands,
A helpless nation—imbecile, emaciated with backbone broken.

A strong nation, with an eagle eye, lying in wait
Swoops down upon it, on a pretext to protect it.
It clutches it into its claws,
Under the garb of its custodian, to bleed it white
It injects into its veins,
Greed, self-aggrandisement, self-conceit and self-condemnation*
To make it a servile, subservient nation,
Never to rise again.

* Self-condemnation of its own people, their own tongue, colour, heritage, their own religion, scriptures, their very culture, their very civilization—and what not !

12

Man should not exploit man
To satiate his grabbing propensities;
He must not forget, his will is not absolute,
He has got his own limitations,
As his senses have to play within an ambit of their own

But there is an Absolute Will that rules
The destiny of man here and after;
Rise and fall run one after the other in a cyclic order,
They are just like two opposite points on a revolving wheel;
Nadir becometh Zenith, Zenith Nadir in due course.
Why not man should live and let others live !
It is a golden rule which brings the heaven down on earth
To shed peace and tranquility all over the world.

13

Imagination is baffled to think,
Why Ram Rajya dwindled away ?
How the perfect became imperfect,
Mind fails to conceive.
Nothing on earth can remain steady,
Changes are inevitable—for good or bad—we do not know;
But that this law of mutation is perfect,
None can dispute or refute.

It is this law that compelled the Ram Rajya
to give place to a better regime,
To come today or after many days.
Oh ! man, be of courageous heart
And wait for better days.

14

Covet not, nor be a miser; Thy wealth is not thy creation,
It is only thy collection from the store house of Nature.
Share it with thy fellow beings,
To consecrate it for thy enjoyment,
or thy hoardings in thy vault will rust away.

Rusted things corrode the container, forget it not,
The more you spend the more you will get.
But aright must you spend,
It is the Law of Nature, ignore it you should not;
It is what the sages of yore have said.
The water in the unused well, stagnant water in the pond,
Becomes stinking frothy and mossy
But when the polluted water is drained away
A fresh and potable water from its perennial source takes its place.

When man's ingeniousness isolates the hidden treasures
from the earth for his exclusive use without consecration,
It brings in its wake all evils, all untold sufferings
Which the world witnesseth from time to time

When the fruits are allowed to ripe on their trees
And the flowers to fade on their stems,
The prolificity of the trees decreases in inverse ratio,
But when the green coconuts are plucked
And so the budding flowers,
The trees become prolific manifold,
It is what experience shows.

15

In winter are seen afloat with vanity,
 High up in the sky patches of clouds snowy white.
Conscious of their rich possessions
 Proudly and arrogantly they swiftly pass on,
Lest the man below should ask them
 To share what they have.

Slyly they whisper into his ears,
 Something unsought for.
It is our hard-earned treasure
 Part with it we never will.
We will retain it for our own use
 None can dispute our exclusive right to it.
Lesson you should take from us and be up and doing
 Surely you will get as our efforts bore fruit.

Disdainfully the man responded,
Oh ! Carrier of watery vapours silvery white,
Tarry not ! Be pleased with thy gospel of Self-aggrandisement,
self-preservation, self-appeasement and self-approbation.
Preach it no more,
We have already had enough to seethe with
Oh ! Thus they pass away unnoticed, uncared for.

During monsoon when in high volumes come
The thick dark frowning clouds rolling on,
Their advent is heralded by the blowing winds
And the thunderbolts.

Men on earth in communion with Nature,
Make preparations to give the fittest reception
To the King of deliverance,
Who deigns to descend on earth
To pour down his priceless boons

Under the Ashok trees in swings
The maidens begin to swing and sing;

Dancing parties are arrayed, not of nautch girls,
But of peacocks with their feathers
Spread out in all their merriment.

They thunder as if to inquire where they were wanted to be.
The tillers wanted their fields to be watered;
Maidens their ponds and tanks to be filled up,
The sailors and boatmen their rivers to flow in spate
And lo! To their utter surprise their demands
Are fulfilled in the twinkling of an eye.
It is why Indra, the Lord of Varuna, is worshipped
And His grace invoked.
It is this ruling spirit of self-denial,
Self-abnegation and self-sacrifice,
That commands the reverence and adoration of
One and all.

16

Who art thee, O woman!
Wilt thou not reveal thyself?
It was not given to man
To know thee in all thy facets.
It made the puzzle puzzling more,
The man as babe saw in thee
A mother with thy unfathomable heart,
Overflowing with spontaneous love,
Unstained, pure and sublime

The man found in thee his life consort,
Kalidas drank the "Nectar" from thy lips,
Bihari saw the "*Ami*" pent up in the eyes,
Poets found "*Amrita*" in thy melodious voice,
Devas envied man, the sweet fragrance of thy body to inhale.

The babe sucked thy breast, spouting sprays of milk,
Thy healing magic touch soothes the cancerous pain of life.
Beauty is thy name, O Woman !
The very fountainhead of ambrosia.

When truth embraces thee,
Thou adornest the man as a gem crowns the ring.
Thou art the mother all *Shakti* incarnate,
All salutations to thee, O Mother !
Thou blesseth the world as thou blesseth thy child.

17

Oh ! How carefree and unmindful of their assailants lying in wait
The poor, innocent flowers were blooming in their glowing
splendid glory ,
They were effusing selflessly out of their tender heart
such ethereal and delightful scent embalming all around.

Man maddened, with their inebriating fragrance, dashed in
vehemence, and breathed them hard on their stem ,
And lo ! Instantly that erstwhile sublime scent died away.

Some one in his greed plucked and held them fast within the
fold of his fist to smell,
But the relentless heat of his palm mercilessly scorched them
to fade never to rise again,

One, in all his frenzy, squeezed them hard to get all their
juice at a time,
But alas! Instead they, in nemesis, stained his hands and defiled

Flowers were there no doubt to be enjoyed;
But at a respectful distance,
But man in his greed disdainfully spurned and transgressed
that blissful and ordained holy distance.

He, in turn, defaced himself and simultaneously annihilated them
Those immaculate beautiful flowers all out to fill the air with
their enamouring aroma, ethereal.
And so, as the human flowers women are,
Seated on a high pedestal of grace and glory.

18

It baffles me to believe,
I was ever born,
or I shall ever cease to be.
A distant but faint voice softly rung into my heart,
"the immortal soul is never born nor it ever ceases to be",
Yet I know, my Lord, I was born,
And one day I will be silently whisked away

Lord ! These incoherent thoughts assail my poor heart,
I woefully fail to apprehend this zig-zag puzzling riddle of my life.

I fail to reconcile this abysmal ambivalence of my mind,
I even fail to grasp the correlation between these two
I's the will—o'—the wisp one contesting to supersede the other.

O ! Lord, wilt Thou not shed Thy mercy on me and unravel the ravelled skein of my life, to soothe its cancerous pain with Thy fondling and caressing touch,
And to fill the empty cup of my life with Thy nectar divine;
I too, Lord, will not lag behind to fill the cup of Thy grace with my filial love,
Yet so peurile.

19

I saw a dead body carried away on a bier,
I queried, who was he ?
An answer flashed, it was all a mound of clay with no ill,
no will.

I happened to see another dead body similarly being taken away,
I became inquisitive about it ;
Instantly a voice whispered,
It was all a pile of vileness, nothing more, nothing less.

I again, one day, saw a dead body going in a sea
of procession, all sober, all grave,
I was amazed who could he be ;
A sound from all sides and above echoed,
All honour all glory unto him,

It was the very epitome of all virtues condensed,
Oh ! How perfectly operate the laws of nature

Hark Ye ! Each dead body was now vociferous and echoing
the deeds,
Good or bad as they were of its master,
Who erstwhile held it fast so endearingly
And tenaciously as his own self.

20

How obnoxious is the word 'Beg',
How harsh it sounds,
It bends the Devas on their knees,
It makes the Kings and Monarchs servile and man to cringe.

O Man ! Why dost thou beg of man for alms,
What else a man has got in his store but humiliation to fling at thee,
What to beg of beggars as man is always so,
If beg thou must beg of Him,
He is ever ready with His bounty to meet thy needs

Whatever a man gives to the beggar, he gives it in scorn;
But when man gives away his treasures
For the amelioration of the poor unconcerned of the fruit thereof, he is then honoured as the son of God.

21

Wealth lies hid in gems and jewels and in many forms.
When it manifests itself,
Mills, factories, mines, mansions and palaces
are its different forms.

Wealth concentrated in the hands of a few, is its frailty,
Perversity of the rich, is its depravity,
The exploitation of the weak is its cruely,
Shedding of bliss and beatitude, peace and happiness,
is its divinity—the grace sublime.

22

Association plays a dynamic rōle in one's life,
A guinea mixed with copper coins will be apt to be
mistaken as a copper bit;
So a copper bit mingled with a heap of guineas can
and does outwit the man.

23

Stoop and bend lest you strike the beam overhead;
Stoop as ye go, ye will be spared many a hard thump overhead,
Be humble and ye will enjoy all the blisses of life

24

Vain hope goaded me to knock from door to door
of friend and foe,
I found them all shut and silent,
Instantly I felt godlessness within my heart,
I was stark ashamed of the weak moments of my life.

25

Humility and shyness in a woman are her attributes, divine.
They are like the suffused colour of a flower

26

If thy heart so yearns that love thou must,
    Love then the one who will divine and
                                divinise thy heart,
But pray, don't give thy unsophisticated heart
    To one who will defile thee and defile himself too

27

Weakness is cowardice, a sin unpardonable,
A weakling's weakness weakens him and his companions still more
He fails to survive the onslaught of the mighty and the wicked,
He fails to assert himself too,
The mighty sustains himself and vindicates his right to exist as well.

28

Nights were made to enable man to get over his
travails of the day,
Days were made for man to make a head-way
in his life's journey.
But he, in his folly, linked the past with the present,
To fill his future with vain fantasies to invite
inertia in his way.

29

Stop cringing before thy fellow being,
Resign to His mercy and grace,
And lo ! thy needs are met in the twinkling of an eye
O ! *Chatak !* cry not in plaintive tones and pitiable moans,
Before every patch of cloud, silvery white ;
Swati drops only will quench thy thirsty throat.

30

Look to Him, feel His presence,
Thy dead weight will fall off,
Thy self will be sublimated and
Ethereal thou wilt feel within

31

Brother dear !

Begging is a sin, a crime and so is expectation ;
Begging beggars a man and expectations degenerate him.
Begging belittles thee and him of whom thou beggest
If need be, beg of Him who is ever ready to fulfil
thy needs with the spouting sprays of
His bountiful grace.

32

How soft and delicate, how beautiful and enchanting,
How sweet and fragrant and how richly coloured, flowers are !
And yet how beamingly and delightfully they smile
And humbly bend low to greet thee and thy steps,
Oh ! Flowers are the very epitome of humility and sublimity,
Nay ! Heaven itself peeps into them

33

Flowers go into ecstasy and shed joyful tears,
When the struggling but soothing beams of
the smiling moon kiss them.

34

Flowers grow to adorn nature and
to adore the lotus feet of their Lord
They keep on diffusing their sweet and
coveted fragrance till they fade.

35

Marriage is an alliance in which two opposite sexes
merge together to make one complete unit
The urgent necessity of such an integrity is to
compensate the soil from which they sprang.

The consummation of this unity is to produce
what the world did not witness yet.

This tie is divine, unbreakable, inseparable,
(O Kashi ! O Sudha !) be bound together today by this
holy alliance,
To unite together the cords of your hearts to sound in unison,
To produce a symphony, to bathe the world in peace
and happiness.

36

Truth is all powerful,
It establishes itself, worry not.
Light infiltrates undeterred even through the thick
dark clouds of mist.

O, dear me! pardon me,
If thy heart has been scorched by my false imputations,
It will be anointed with the unction of my adoration.

The injured, no doubt, suffers the pang of false accusations,
It is but short lived,
But, the torment is the lot of the injurer,
It cankers and rankles in his heart for long.

37

Confession is the store-house of all moral force,
It is dynamic in its character.
It is the mother of fearlessness, plainness and truthfulness.
The greater the spirit of confession,
The greater the growth of truthfulness,
From it sprouts forth the tender off-shoots of truthfulness

It sheds peace, tranquility and happiness all around,
It tones one's character to a very high degree,
It shakes off the dead weight from life,
It makes it light, buoyant and sublime,
It makes man free of his faults and blemishes.
It is the acme of all virtues proclaimed by all
Saints and sages of yore, at the top of their voice

38

Reprimand me no more, dear me !
My heart will break,
Pardon me, if I have offended thee
Or, if I have misunderstood thee

39

Oh ! what a pity !
When life gets inured to vices,
Their virulent stings fail to prick its blunt
and hardened heart.
It goes on being steeped further deeper in vices,
Till one day it is found doomed to total annihilation.

40

The true test of the altruistic spirit,
Is the incessant feeling of shimmering love for
One and all not excluding one's own enemy,
The injurer.
Love is the acme of the sublimation of heart

41

How canst thou hoot and hate even thy enemy ?
He has also a seat in the creation of thy Lord.
To hate him for his foibles and follies is to
Disparage the wisdom of thy creator.
Win him over by love if thou canst.

42

The hardened curtain of *'Maya'*
So insidious and invincible between thee and thy Lord,
Is hardest to crack and wreck,
To wear it down is glorious and the greatest victory of man
in his life

He is all mirthful
This creation of His, this cosmos, this world is His play-ground
He enjoys the game of 'hide and seek'.
He baffles His seeker at every step, such is His mirth
But, when the strenuous efforts of His seeker reach the
breaking point of his heart,
He, in all His mercy, falls into His grip,

To merge him into His own.
Such is the culmination of His mirthful game.

This breaking point of the seeker
Tantamounts to his complete surrender in its entirety
to his Lord.
This explicit surrender of the seeker makes God to surrender
Himself
This is the acme of achievement of man in his life.

43

How delicate the flowers are,
The human touch by hand or by breath scorches them to death
Yet they in all their humility nod to summon man,
To imbue him with their exuberant cozing fragrance.
Altruistic, truly, the flowers are !

44

When the gentle breeze of the morn embraces the flowers,
They embalm it with their enamouring aroma.
Yes, great is he who imparts his greatness
To who-so-ever comes his way.

45

When the scorching rays of the blazing sun envelop the flowers,
They go into slumber eternal.
Yes, the mighty and the powerful devour
    the weak and the meek

46

How shyly the buds talk, and unfold themselves
into flowers in the shade of eve,
As does the new bride timorously unveil her face
at night, in the arms of her mate.

47

Flowers are the divine seat,
They say, Lord's feet rest on them.
Flowers kiss the feet of their Lord, Him to adore.
They wreathe round His neck to adorn it
They speak of the softness and tenderness of their Maker's hand
If thou art anxious to kiss the feet of thy Lord
Bend low in humility and kiss the flowers,
There rest His feet;
And so the human flowers are the lowly and the meek.

48

Oh! What a wonderful folly!
Man expects God to pour down His priceless boons
into his coffer indiscreetly and indiscriminately.
But he justifies his discretion
and discrimination in his own dispensation.

49

Ye! forget it not,
Man without virtue is what
The flowers are
Without their sweet fragrance.

52

Light cannot be suppressed by any sort of thick
veneer of clouds,
Its undaunted rays penetrate through their nebula,
however dense it may be,
Similarly, the light of truth and the soul
Assets itself even through the thickest dark,
And gruesome cloak of *'Tamas'* and *'Rajas'*
However grossly it be enveloped within their pall.

53

In the moment of your stark disappointment,
The rays of hope and help shoot forth from unknown quarters,
We do not know how

But this stark disappointment is
One of the forms of complete and explicit
Surrender to the unknown, invisible higher power,
Which manifests its mercy to protect the defenceless
And the helpless.

54

A man laden with the burden of worries and
anxieties to meet the daily needs of his life,
Runs about helter-skelter to get knocks at every
door and corner.
But, when he throws his burden in the hands of his Lord,
How free, light and buoyant does he feel
to float above his mundane wants

55

In the midst of a dark and frowning jungle,
When a prayer in all fervency goes forth from the
heart for help,
It has been seen, it is held out to the distressed
from unknown and unexpected quarters,
The hands of that merciful Lord
do the miracle but unseen and un-noticed.
Oh ! you pray to Him for anything and lo ! It is there

56

Eyes see and speak.
They see the outside world,
They speak the inner heart,
They paint the picture of thy heart on the surface
of thy unconscious, unguarded face.
Oh ! the eyes are more eloquent than the tongue.

57

Oh ! beware always,
Thy eyes will not wage war in amour,
Rather they will woefully betray thee in all thy nakedness
The mutual touch of the eyes is magnetic and captivating.
It is deadlier than the touch of the skin.

58

Touch conveys the spark of love from heart to heart,
Touch by the lady love is contagious.

59

O Woman! thy sweet soothing tongue is the measure
of thy graceful frame.
But dost thou roar, and roar thou must, to strike
dread and terror into his heart—
If any coward dared with devilish design assail thy
holy frame.

60

O Woman! the veil of thy face is the fallen lids of thy eyes,
All steeped in graceful modesty and sobriety.

61

O woman ! Dost thou not know,
Thy hallowed body is the temple of God
He Himself manifests in thy celestial frame as mother,
Divinity is thy birth - right.
Any tresspass in thy domain
Will spell doom to the trespasser

62

The aesthetic beauty of a woman lies in her
inherent virtues,
Their culmination is in motherhood.
It lies neither in the beautiful and enchanting
symmetry of her body,
Nor in her sleek glossy shining skin
She is like a flower that is loved and adored for its
ethereal enamouring aroma.

63

Beauty in truth is like that of a flower,
That shimmers on the tender stem of *'Shivam'*.*
That stem of "Shivam' sprouted forth from the hallowed
trunk of *'Satyam'*
Beauty is that which inspires awe and reverence in the
heart of its admirer.
All things else are the different shades of its travesty

* Satyam, Shivam, Sundaram signify truthfulness, blissfulness and beauty respectively

64

Heed not the faults, blemishes and weaknesses
of the weak moments of thy fellowmen;
These are the failings of the flesh,
but not of the soul
Condone them and pray for their exaltation.
Does not thou thyself implore thy Lord,
And invoke His merciful grace to pardon and to soothe thee
From the cancerous pangs of thy own faults and falls ?

65

The tongue of love is enigmatic and mute,
Yet it is significant with-all.

It sometimes kindles the infernal fire in the
tender heart of man.

It but soothes and calms the boisterous waves of
his tormented heart.

66

My fervent prayer to thee,
O Lord ! is to make me immaculately pure
to enable me to touch thy lotus feet

67

Why dost thou fret and whine
When mother nature impedes thee from dashing
into the infernal fire of vices ?
One should rather be grateful to her,
And thank his lot that he was
Forewarned and spared all the havoc of the inferno.

68

One strayed does not realise that
nature is like a kind mother,
Which is always alert to guard and protect
her children from falling into pitfalls.

But when one in one's frenzy tramples
Over her reprimands and discards them in contempt,
She in all her mercy takes recourse
To rescue him even on pain of bruises here and there.

These bruises are healed up,
Leaving behind sometimes a faint mark and sometimes a scar
Just to remind one to refrain from falling a victim
to such lapses in life again.

69

Consciousness of her beauty makes a woman coquettish.

Consciousness of one's possessions and attainments
makes a man proud and a swaggerer.

But consciousness of one's faults and blemishes
makes one sublime and great

70

If thy heart is aggrieved,
Speak to God of thy grievance, but without grumbling,
Thou wilt find it is redressed.
Time factor is not of much account.

71

What a strange phenomenon !
Why ye beg for alms of man who himself begs,
Why ye accuse him of his non-compliance,
Why should ye not know,
The man feels poor despite his riches
When a beggar begs of him,
Nay ! he even implores God to take away his
possessions for a moment, to enable him to refuse
a beggar, but to restore him the same
when he has gone away

72

What makes the heart so callous and dead,
A query every lip is apt to make.
It is the ingratitude of the selfish man
Which is so heinous and atrocious
It is a sin in all its entirety, unpardonable.

It makes the heart debased and ignoble,
which is the greatest loss in life
The divine seat of the Lord, in the ungrateful
heart is lost, lost forever.
But the richness of the heart is a gift much
coveted. celestial, and transcendental.

73

Delineation of character is now very much in demand
Refraining from sex indulgence is commonly understood
as constituting character,
which is very ennobling no doubt,
but only one of its various attributes

Character covers all the wide fields of
morality and ethics which make life
pure and sublime, and which steep one and
all in their all healing aroma

It is character which made Gandhi of Himalayan
personality in the world

74

Pray, control thy temptation to cheat and defraud
thy fellow beings,
Thou shouldst not forget, thy will is not absolute.

Man is governed by the relentless but invisible law of nature,
impartial, unbiased thoroughly,
It has in its store a faultless balance to weigh every deed
of his good or bad.

It is not time-bound, it may judge today or after many days.
Alas ! the fool does not perceive, in his hardihood,
the Damocle's sword hanging over his head,
ready to strike him down for every foul deed of his

The merciless hand of nemesis spare none for his misdeeds,
However much one may yell and cry in pitiable moans

75

How detestable, devilish, and gruesome the spirit of vengeance is ?
It demeans, it denigrates the man,
It kindles an infernal fire in his heart,
It envelopes him in the pall of its havoc so wrought.

Alas ! the fool lamentably feels it not,
It blinds the man, it deadens his conscience,
It makes hideous hisses, it spouts jets of venomous potion,
It injects it into the heart of his opponent.

The poor fellow writhes round in excruciating pains,
The sparks of the sighs of his curses shoot forth from his bruised heart.
They pass on unnoticed, as gases do, but not in vain
One sees not that the potentiality of the refractory nature of the ethereal conditions of matter is far immensely greater than that of its inert grosser form.

The wrecker, in turn, wrings his hands in his gauntlet
in all his passion,
To dash a dart dipped in his hatred to smash his foe into
smithereens to satiate the cherished fury of his revenge.

But alas ! the fool perceives not the unseen relentless hands
of nemesis,
He forgets, his very dart will boomerang to pin him down
one day to his utter annihilation;
Such is the unfailing law of dispensation,
Which the merciful nature wields in its right.

Remember, O Fool ! No vindication can quench the
simmering heat of thy revenge, and soothe thy heart.
The bliss of life is peace and happiness.
Only the soft, sweet bracing breeze suffused with the essence
of forgiveness and forgetfulness can sublimate thy heart,
Seething with the virus of the virulent ire, and make your
life buoyant and sublime.

Introspect within when this rattling reptile of vengeance,
Surreptitiously crept into thy heart,
The hallowed seat of thy Lord.

Thou wilt find thyself the first culprit
If thou wishest, follow the holy ordained path,
Sages of yore called it the golden path,
It is to lend a helping hand to thy erstwhile enemy,
To enable him to get out of his lurch,
Where he was fast stuck.

Lo ! he becomes thy veritable and grateful friend,
And thou will be spared all the pangs of a smouldering hell

76

Friends swarm round you in your hey-days,
They fall off in your adverse days.

But the great good God never shuns you
Even in your evil days.

77

Saturate the blood in thy veins
With the holy name of thy Lord,
Thou wilt transcend thy lower nature
A dead weight in thy life

And many a celestial phenomenon will unfold,
And roll on, like a panaroma.

Dabbling in one's lower nature is degeneration !
Ascension to higher planes is sublimation !

78

When prayers are said with full resignation,
And in all fervour,
They say, they are heard.
Prayers manifest the Lord !

79

The graceful beauty of an innocent woman is divine,
When the filthy hands of a wild villain
make a dash to defile it,
The radiant rattling sword of God descends down on him,
to cleave him in twain.

80

Distress is a blessing in guise,
It makes the man wiser and humane,
But it is not a thing to woo and court.

81

O woman ! if thy heart could match the alluring beauty
of thy face,
How divinely graceful and glorified thou wouldst have been !

Richness of heart is thy attributes divine,
It is one of thy finest facets,
Such facets of thine are admired, adorned and worshipped.

Such women adorn their country,
Their nation,
Nay ! the very humanity itself.

82

The fidelity of a woman is the exclusive measure of her nation's
culture and dynamic power,
Pious mothers are the spring-boards of the heroes
of the nation,
The '*Devas*' in heaven all hilarious with joy,
Dance to greet them with their folded hands.

Such mothers are a veritable power house
Whence flows the effulgent energy to feed the nation.
Yes, they are the true moulders,
The truer the mould the better the production.

Thus enfolded within the lap of Satyam, Shivam and Sundaram,
They were, therefore, deified and glorified as goddesses,
All 'Shakti' incarnate in the history and in holy scriptures.
It is why all the great men of the world
sung all praises for their revered and beloved mothers.

83

Oh ! how lovely and sweet ye look,
But I wanted to see one all lovely and sweet,
Sleek and smooth in and out,
With no attrition, with no accretion.

Oh ! how I long to see an ideal beauty,
A clear manifestation of Satyam, Shivam, Sundaram,
That veritable paragon of beauty,
That integration of heart and soul steadfast
In bliss consciousness transcendental.

84

A woman in her swaggering youth to look at is all charm, glamour evanescent, a dream, a will-O'-the-wisp

Just touch her and lo ! that alluring charm vanishes like a mist leaving behind a skeleton of bones covered with flesh and skin.

When a man thus gets deluded and bewitched by her volatile charm, how miserably the poor fellow is lost in the zig-zag labyrinth of his own staggering mundane desires wandering in the glamorous kaleidoscopic illusions of his own fancy.

Oh ! what ruination !

85

Woman will ever remain to be admired and adored,
She is born as "Shakti" incarnate to manifest the motherhood
of Prakriti—the mother nature.
She is endowed with two aspects—her two wings—
positive and negative.

O! weary and tired soul, shelter if thou seekest seek it
under her right wing which is all peace and tranquility
and the beacon to the high-ways of heavenly bliss—
thy eternal home.

But if thou willest to seek pleasures under her wrong wing
to satiate thy infernal desires,
Be in readiness to be engulfed by its infernal fire to be
singed on its grill to death.

It is the motherhood, the hallowed seat of womanhood
to be adored and worshipped with all salutations
and obeisance in one's command.

86

Death is the messenger of God;
Give him the fittest reception and embrace him.
It has come to take thee to His holy feet,
For thy regeneration and thy deliverance.

87

Be mindful of thy actions,
Be not duped by the alluring temptation of this illusory world.
will-o'-the-wisp;
Every action of man is like a seed
Sown immediately and imperceptibly
In the fertile land of his sub-conscious mind
It develops there like an embryo in a womb,
To sprout forth in its own time to ramify like ripples in a pond,
For its proliferation, of course, unconsciously and unguardedly
This is the trick of ticklish Nature—an automaton entirely.

Action—good or bad—multiplies manifold,
Bad action carves out its own hell,
The good one keeps on soaring higher and higher.
Such is the inexorable law of the Nature mute
Unfailing and immutable.

88

Man should not let loose the centre of his gravity;
One unguarded faltering step of his will find himself down deep into the water;
His steadfast steps only will lead him to the haven of blissful life.

89

Sex perversion is devilish,
The root cause of all ills and evils, the world is guilty of,
It spells ruination all round.
Oh! What untoward events come in its wake!

Selfishness is the mother of ingratitude,
Selflessness is the unfolding of the divinity within;
Dirt of heart is the rumination of other's evil deeds,
Sublimation of sex is the acme of all virtues

90

How long wilt thou be rolling in different wombs ?
How long wilt thou be wallowing in the dire mire
of this transient and illusory world ?
How long wilt thou be writhing in excruciating pain entombed,
or on burning pyre ?
How long wilt thou remain enmeshed in the cycle of
Birth and Death,
Ensheathed in different mortal frames ?

91

Pure, immaculate and sublime be thy life,
With all the three *Gunas* well-subdued.
Let the inner light beam forth in all its effulgent glory,
Thus transcended thou wilt rest in eternity.